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The GUILT *of* POVERTY.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

I Think I have diſcovered the true reaſon of that extravagance in living, which is ſo particularly inconvenient in hard times, like the preſent, and againſt which all prudent perſons and moral writers have offered abundance of cautions and advice. I know that many other reaſons than what I am about to offer have been aſſigned, ſuch as that it is the faſhion to be extravagant, and even the faſhion to be ruined; but although extravagance reigns very much like a faſhion, yet by making uſe of the word faſhion, we learn nothing, becauſe in general it means nothing. Thus when we ſay it is the faſhion to wear muſlin or ſilk, we only mean that a great many perſons wear thoſe articles, but we aſſign no reaſon for it, for faſhion is utterly unacquainted with reaſon, and would not wiſh to be connected with any thing ſo ſettled and unvariable. Faſhion enacts laws, but they are always without preambles. We ſee the law, and can feel the penalty of tranſgreſſion, but we know not the cauſe of the one or the other.

I flatter myſelf, however, Mr. Editor, that although extravagance may be reckoned a faſhion, I can trace its origin to a more honourable ſource. It ſtrikes me that it ariſes entirely from the dread of guilt. Of guilt? What guilt? Why the greateſt of all. The guilt of poverty. I know not if you have obſerved it, but there is no ſuſpicion which moſt men are ſo deſirous to wipe off, as the ſuſpicion of being poor, and as to prevent our being thought hypocrites, we often pretend to countenance crimes, for which we have no reliſh, ſo to avoid being thought poor, we frequently ſquander our riches in attempts to be thought more wealthy than we are.

But ſome will ſay, with the woman in the play, "Surely it is not a ſin to be poor." That queſtion I ſhall not at preſent reſolve, but if the general endeavour be to avoid the appearance of poverty, if a man bluſhes deeper on its being diſcovered that he has an empty purſe than he would if diſcovered that he had an empty head, or even an indifferently furniſhed heart, I think we are bound to conclude that there is ſomething very *bad* in the reality of poverty. What this ſomething is, we are not told, nor whether it bears any relation to thoſe *other* crimes, for which men may be puniſhed by law. But we muſt conclude from its effects that it is particularly obnoxious, ſince to avoid the moſt diſtant ſuſpicion of it, we are willing to vindicate our characters at any expence, and I may ſay at any riſk. This therefore I take to be the genuine cauſe of that extravagance in the mode of living, which expoſes ſo many very worthy perſons to the cenſure of your retired moraliſts, and your mighty prudent, good ſort of people, who take care of the main chance, and do not regard what the world ſays of them.

Still it may be objected that poverty cannot be conſidered as a crime, becauſe there are many perſons who are ſo far from avoiding that they ſeem to court the imputation of it, by a ſhabby dreſs, and mode of living, as if they could not afford the moſt common neceſſaries of life. There undoubtedly is a claſs of this ſort, but I think they are not numerous enough to be any thing but an exception to the general rule. If poverty be a crime, we cannot account for ſome perſons being ſo perverſe in their way of thinking as to deem it a virtue. Perhaps even *they* may think it a crime, and yet not refuſe to be thought guilty of it, as we know there is a deſcription of men, "who glory in their ſhame," and who can defraud in various ways, overreach, monopolize, and do various other bad actions, and yet ſay they are only purſuing their lawful buſineſs. And this I think muſt be allowed, that theſe who have a deſire to put on the appearance of poverty, contrary to all the faſhion and cuſtom around them, muſt poſſeſs a very extraordinary taſte, or be ſuſpected of ſome very ſiniſter deſigns in wearing ſo prepoſterous a diſguiſe. The whole circumſtance, however, will not materially affect the general poſition I have laid down—that the fear of being ſuſpected of poverty is the principal cauſe of extravagance.

If this be conceded to me, it will ſtill remain to be conſidered whether there are not ſome ſmall diſadvantages attending this ſo common wiſh to avoid the imputation of poverty. And, firſt, I am humbly of opinion that there is one effect of the political kind, which we have long and juſtly been taught to abhor, I mean, that the diſplay of extravagance has a tendency to eſtabliſh the abominable and abſurd *principle of equality*, which our enthuſiaſtic neighbours, in the fulneſs of their anarchical zeal, tried without effect. This diſplay of extravagance, in order to do away

away the imputation of poverty muſt begin ſomewhere. Suppoſe it begins with A. and A. by a ſeries of ſplendid profuſion has been unanimouſly acquitted of the crime of poverty. B. then follows, and ſenſible of the importance of an honourable acquittal, gives a cloſe imitation of A. C. follows B. and in like manner. But if one of the alphabet, or in other words, of the circle of acquaintance, falls off in his imitation, what is the conſequence? He is perhaps acquitted, but the acquittal comes ſo dry from the jury, and ſo lifeleſs, and has ſo much the appearance of a ſpecial verdict, or a reference to arbitration, that the ſuſpicion is rather increaſed than diminiſhed. Every man therefore wiſhes to ſhew that he has an *equal* ſenſibility to the vile imputation of poverty, and conſequently muſt give proofs *equally* elegant, ſplendid, and ſtriking, of his innocence. Now if this has not a tendency to eſtabliſh a ſyſtem of equality as *abſurd* as that for which our mad politicians ſome time ago contended, I know not what can have ſuch a tendency, unleſs ſome ſpeculator ſhould propoſe that tall and ſhort men be made of the ſame length, by lopping off the difference from the former.

Another ſmall diſadvantage in the dread of poverty is, that a greater diſgrace is brought on it than it really deſerves, and that our opinion on the ſubject becomes ſo far confuſed, that we do not diſcriminate with ſufficient accuracy, between the fear of poverty and the ſhame of it. The conſequence of this ſmall miſtake is, that we often feel the *ſhame* where we are rather fooliſhly above the *fear* of becoming poor, which naturally leads me to a third ſmall diſadvantage in the ſyſtem, and that is, our frequently taking ſuch ſteps to prevent poverty, as have a direct tendency to bring it on. And as I have traced extravagance to ſo very honourable a ſource as the abhorrence of guilt, I hope the extravagant will not take it amiſs, if I add this by way of caution. Experience, I am certain, will amply confirm the truth of it, and ſomehow or other, notwithſtanding the ſupreme power of faſhion and cuſtom, the world has got into this way of thinking, and is apt to be very watchful over thoſe perſons who affect ſo eagerly to be thought rich, juſt as they watch the conduct of thoſe who pretend to be more religious than their neighbours. Here, therefore, we have ſuſpicion itſelf ſuſpected, and I know not what confuſion may ariſe. Certain it is that the equality above-mentioned muſt in many caſes have a direct tendency to produce what is ſo much dreaded, for how can 500l. a year pretend to keep up with 5000l?

To prevent this ſhocking cataſtrophe, it may perhaps be worth while to enquire whether poverty be really the crime it is generally ſuppoſed. I imagine that our logic here is falſe—We ſay,

All crimes are to be avoided,
Poverty is a crime.
Ergo, Poverty is to be avoided.

Here we adopt the concluſion, by neglecting to prove the *minor*. We ought therefore to be cautious how we increaſe the number of crimes, ſince to avoid the imputation of only one new offence, we muſt neceſſarily be at more expence than it would take to keep all the laws and ſtatutes of the kingdom, and the ten commandments into the bargain.

I hope, Mr. Editor, theſe hints, however deſultory, will not be thrown away. We live in an age when, as the claſſic has it, *quædam docenda, quædam inculcanda*, ſome things are to be taught, and ſome repeated until they are *inculcated*.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

AMICUS.

Sketch of the Life of Robert Bloomfield, the ingenious Author of "The Farmer's Boy."

OUR readers will not be diſpleaſed to read an account of this untutored poet. Having compleated the life of Robert Burns, that of Robert Bloomfield, whoſe Farmer's Boy is ſo generally admired, and whoſe genius poverty and its attendant diſadvantages could not repreſs, may very naturally follow.

Robert Bloomfield was born December 3, 1766, at Honington, about eight miles from St. Edmund's Bury, in Suffolk. His father was a taylor, and died during his infancy. The mother earned her livelihood by keeping a ſchool, in which of courſe her own children were inſtructed. Thus he learnt to read. His writing was obtained at another ſchool, where he ſtaid only a few months, ſo that his advantages were literally few and inconſiderable. And we hear of no other of the kind which he afterwards enjoyed.

He had reached his ſeventh year, when his mother again married; and he was eleven years old when he left his home, being conſigned over to the care of Farmer Auſtin, of Sapiſton, a village near Honington. This maſter took him into his houſe, and treated him with kindneſs. The mother had now no expence with him, excepting the article of cloaths—but Mr. Auſtin ſoon remarked, that "he was ſo ſmall of his age that he was not likely to get his living by hard labour."

At this period his brother, Mr. G. Bloomfield, informed his mother that he was diſpoſed to take him, and teach him to make ſhoes, whilſt another brother promiſed to clothe him. Upon this propoſal, the mother brought him herſelf in a coach to London, the 28th of June, 1781, where ſhe delivered him over to the care of Mr. G. Bloomfield, ſaying, "ſhe never ſhould have been happy if ſhe had not put him herſelf into his hands."—Nor did this ſatisfy her maternal affection. She even charged her

her ſon, to whom ſhe conſigned him, that every due attention ſhould be paid to his welfare and felicity. Her words are too remarkable to be forgotten :—" As you value a mother's bleſſing—watch over him—ſet good examples for him—and never forget that he has loſt his father!"

This advice appears to have been followed, and attended with its uſual good effects. It were fervently to be wiſhed, that ALL parents were equally ſolicitous for the well-doing of their children. This would be the means of ſecuring their preſent and future felicity.

Mr. G. Bloomfield then lived in Bell-alley, Coleman-ſtreet. He wrote a narrative to Mr. Capel Loft, of Robert's life, whence this account is taken, and here an intereſting portion muſt be tranſcribed : " It is cuſtomary in ſuch houſes as are let to poor people in London, to have light garrets fit for mechanics to work in. In the garret, where we had two turn-up beds, and five of us worked, I received little Robert.

" As we were all ſingle men, lodgers at a ſhilling per week each, our beds were coarſe, and all things far from being clean and ſnug, like what Robert had left at Sapiſton. Robert was our man, to fetch all things to hand. At noon he fetched our dinners from the cook's ſhop : and any one of our fellow workmen that wanted to have any thing fetched in, would ſend him, and aſſiſt in his work and teach him, for a recompence for his trouble.

" Every day when the boy from the public-houſe came for the pewter pots, and to hear what porter was wanted, he always brought the yeſterday's newſpaper. The reading of the paper we had been uſed to take by turns ; but after Robert came, he moſtly read for us, becauſe his time was of leaſt value.

" He frequently met with words that he was unacquainted with : of this he often complained. I one day happened at a book-ſtall to ſee a ſmall dictionary, which had been very ill uſed ; I bought it for him for four-pence. By the help of this he in little time could read and comprehend the long and beautiful ſpeeches of Burke, Fox, or North.

" One Sunday, after an whole day's ſtroll in the country, we by accident went into a diſſenting meeting-houſe, in the Old Jewry, where a gentleman was lecturing. This man filled Robert with aſtoniſhment. The houſe was amazingly crowded with the moſt genteel people ; and though we were forced to ſtand ſtill in the aiſle, and were much preſſed, yet Robert always quickened his ſteps to get into the town on a Sunday evening ſoon enough to attend this lecture.

" The preacher lived ſomewhere at the weſt end of the town ; his name was Fawcet. ' His language,' ſays Mr. G. Bloomfield, ' was juſt ſuch as the Ramber is written in ; his action like a perſon

a perſon acting a tragedy ; his diſcourſe rational, and free from the cant of Methodiſm.'

" Of him Robert learned to accent what he called hard words ; and otherwiſe improved himſelf ; and gained the moſt enlarged notions of Providence."

A ſmall miſtake muſt be here rectified. Mr. Fawcett did not live at the weſt end of the town. He preached in the morning at Walthamſtow, where he reſided. He has now for ſome time declined preaching, and is retired into the country. His lectures at the Old Jewry are well remembered, and ſo alſo are thoſe beautiful ſtrokes of oratory by which the imagination of Robert was ſo much delighted and improved.

At this time the ſubject of our memoir frequented the debating ſociety at Coachmaker's Hall, and went a few times to Covent-Garden Theatre. The review of the London Magazine alſo was a favourite topic of peruſal—and the poetical department in that publication cheriſhed and excited his love of poetry. He therefore ſat down and wrote his Milkmaid, on the firſt of May. For a poem, written in his ſixteenth year, it is wonderful ; it exhibits the ſame ſelection of ſentiment and delicacy of expreſſion by which his ſubſequent productions have been diſtinguiſhed.

About this period he became acquainted with Thomſon's Seaſons, of which performance he was moſt devoutly enamoured. He is known to have ſpoken more highly of that work than of any other which had engaged his attention.

In 1784, a queſtion was agitated between the ſhoemakers, whether thoſe who had learnt without an apprenticeſhip could follow the trade. This diſpute was carried to great lengths, and Robert was involved in the conteſt. He, however, at laſt thought proper to leave London, and to go back to his former ſituation in the country. Mr. Auſtin, the farmer, kindly received him, and here for two months he indulged his rural love and rural ſimplicity. The ſpirit of the Seaſons, which he had read with ſo much rapture, now animated him. He wandered through the fields with a poet's eye, caught the inſpiration of nature, and produced thoſe glowing images of ruſtic life in his Farmer's Boy, which will not fail of conveying his name to a diſtant generation !

He, however, again ſoon returned to London, and was bound to Mr. Dudbridge, by Mr. Ingram, of Bell-alley. His maſter acted towards him very honourably—and he learnt his buſineſs, in a manner againſt which there could be no future exceptions.

In December, 1790, Robert married a young woman from Woolwich, by whom he has three children. To uſe his brother's words reſpecting him—" Like moſt poor men, he got a wife firſt, and had to get houſhold ſtuff afterwards. It took him ſome years to get out of ready furniſhed lodgings. At length,

by hard working, &c. he acquired a bed of his own, and hired the room up one pair of ſtairs, at No. 14, Bell-alley, Coleman-ſtreet. The landlord kindly gave him leave to ſit and work in the light garret, two pair of ſtairs higher. In this garret, amid ſix or ſeven other workmen, his active mind employed itſelf in compoſing the Farmer's Boy."

This latter circumſtance may, without exaggeration, be pronounced wonderful; for ſuch is the divine energy of genius, that it burſts through every impediment, ſhining forth with a peculiar effulgence and glory! The Farmer's Boy was publiſhed in 1799, under the immediate ſuperintendance and patronage of Capel Loft, Eſq. a gentleman well known in the republic of letters. His diſcernment enabled him inſtantly to perceive the merits of the poem, and his benevolence induced him to bring its author forward with a diſtinguiſhed degree of liberality.

The production ſoon attracted the attention of the public; its ſale rapidly increaſed; and the poet was noticed and careſſed by ſome of the moſt reſpectable characters among us.

"It is pleaſing to think (ſays Mr. Loft,) on a remark of Mr. G. Bloomfield concerning his brother, when he firſt came to London—"I have him in my mind's eye a little boy, not bigger than other boys generally are at twelve years old. When I met him and his mother at the inn, (in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet,) he ſtrutted before us, dreſſed juſt as he came from keeping ſheep, hogs, &c. his ſhoes filled full of ſtumps in the heels. He, looking about, ſlipped—his nails were unuſed to a flat pavement. I remember viewing him as he ſcampered up—how ſmall he was. I little thought that little fatherleſs boy would be one day known and eſteemed by the moſt learned, the moſt reſpected, the wiſeſt, and the beſt men in the kingdom!"

The profits have been large; and Mr. Bloomfield intends proſecuting his buſineſs (ladies' ſhoemaker) as a maſter, either in London or the country. We wiſh him every ſucceſs.

SKETCH *of* TILTS *and* TOURNAMENTS.

[Extracted from Rodd's Civil Wars of Granada].

THE King and nobility having taken their ſeats at the windows of the new ſquare, perceived near the fountain of the lions a beautiful tent of green velvet, and near it a table covered with a canopy of green brocade, having many rich jewels, and the golden chain upon it, that was to accompany the portrait of Abenamar's lady.

All the inhabitants of the city, and multitudes from the neighbouring towns and villages, were preſent at this magnificent ſight. It was not long before the ſound of trumpets was heard from the

ſtreet

ſtreet of Zacatin, whence the challenger now made his entry. Four handſome mules loaded with lances, adorned with ſumpter clothes of green damaſk, beſpangled with golden ſtars and breaſt-plates of ſilver, faſtened on with bands of green ſilk, came firſt. They were led by grooms to a tent, near the former, where the lances were all placed in order.

Next came thirty gentlemen in green and ſcarlet liveries, with white and yellow plumes, and in the midſt Abenamar in green velvet, richly embroidered, and a looſe jacket, over his other robes, of immenſe value. He was mounted on a dappled mare, whoſe accoutrements were green velvet, with a creſt of green, and red feathers, correſponding to his own. Over his whole dreſs were ſcattered many golden ſtars, and on his left ſide ſhone a reſplendent ſun, with this motto under it:—

Myſelf alone, my fair alone,
A fairer never yet was known:
Myſelf alone the glory claim
To honour her illuſtrious name.

After Abenamar, followed a rich triumphal car, lined with ſilk of various colours, having ſix ſteps, and on the higheſt a triumphal arch of extraordinary workmanſhip, under which upon a rich ſeat was placed the portrait of the lovely Fatima, ſo naturally executed to the life, that had not the original been preſent, many would have miſtaken it for the lady herſelf. The admiration that was beſtowed on its entry, filled the ladies with envy. The dreſs was Turkiſh, of extraordinary richneſs and elegance, orange and purple, ſpangled with golden ſtars, and trimmed with ſilver tiſſue. The hair fancifully flowing like fine threads of Arabian gold, and faſtened at the top with a bandeau of white and red roſes intermixed. Over the head was ſeen the god of love, with wings outſpread, and plumes of a thouſand colours, placing a crown upon it, and at her feet was laid his bow and quiver, as tributes to her unequalled beauty.

Thus entered the portrait, in a car drawn by four mares whiter than the mountain ſnow, and attracted the attention of every eye; behind it came thirty gentlemen, like the former, in green and ſcarlet liveries, and plumes of the ſame colours. Various inſtruments of muſic played whilſt Abenamar entered; having made a circle round the ſquare, he advanced to the royal balconies, gratifying his Majeſty, the Queen, and the ladies with the ſight. They all admired the lovely portrait of the lady that ſtood beſide them, with Daraxa, Sarracina, Galiana, and many others, models of the moſt enchanting beauty.

"If your knight, fair Fatima," exclaimed her Majeſty, "gains the prize over the other knights in ſkill as he does in gallantry, you may eſteem yourſelf the happieſt lady in the

world." "I know not," replied Fatima, concealing the pleaſure ſhe felt, "what are Abenamar's motives, but I ſuppoſe it is his fancy, and that he takes this method of obliging me; as to more, I am certain it concerns not me." "Yet there is a myſtery," cried Xarifa, "in procuring your portrait, and challenging all competitors, he muſt have ſome motive certainly?"—"I do not pretend to dive into it," ſaid Fatima. "He does as he pleaſes. Has not Abindarraez alſo performed a thouſand actions worthy of note in your honour?" "All Granada knows that," cried Xarifa, "but this affair of Abenamar's is quite a novelty; I ſhould be ſorry to ſee the two cavaliers enter the liſts together." "Whether it be their fate or not, it can be of little conſequence to you," anſwered Fatima. "O yes, but it can, and a great deal too," ſaid Xarifa; "It would grieve me to ſee your portrait in my hands." "You imagine then, perhaps," returned Fatima, "that Abenamar has already loſt the day; but do not be over confident in your knight; certainly thoſe who give a general challenge have ſome reaſon to expect they will be able to maintain it; but fortune is fickle, and we are all ſubject to her caprice."

The Queen, who had been ſome time liſtening to theſe repartees, at length put a ſtop to them. "Ladies," cried her Majeſty, "this converſation is very unimportant: your beauty is equal, it will not be long before we ſee who wins the palm of honour; let us therefore attend to the ſports."

Caſting their eyes then towards the ſquare, they perceived Abenamar had placed the car cloſe to the jewels, and to the ſound of ſoft muſic the portrait of Fatima was gently raiſed, and placed between them. Abenamar alighting from his horſe gave it to his attendants, and ſeating himſelf at the door of his tent, quietly expected ſome cavalier to enter the liſts. The gentlemen of his train ranged themſelves on each ſide, and the judges took their ſtation on a high ſtand, where they might have a full view of every thing that paſſed. The judges were two Zegries, two Gomeles, and an Abencerrage, named Abencarcax, the chief Alguazil of Granada, an office only given to perſons of the higheſt rank and valour. It was not long before a very gallant ſquadron was ſeen to enter the ſquare from the ſtreet of the Gomeles, in ſcarlet and white brocade, and plumes of the ſame colour, and with them a knight, in a Turkiſh dreſs of ſcarlet velvet, lined with gold tiſſue, and plumes of great value; his jacket alſo ſet with precious ſtones. The cavalier was ſoon diſcovered to be the gallant Sarracino. Behind him came a ſplendid car bearing four triumphal arches, painted with the battles of the Moors and Chriſtians on the plain of Granada; in which Garſilaſo de la Vega's, and Audallas, a Moor of high renown, who, out of contempt for the Chriſtian religion, placed the Ave Maria on the tail of his horſe, was particularly diſtinguiſhed. Beneath

the arches was placed a round throne, open on all ſides, of the whiteſt alabaſter, enriched with the moſt beautiful ſculpture, and upon it the portrait of a lady in blue brocade fringed with gold, and at her feet a vanquiſhed Cupid on his knees, with his bow and arrows broken, and ſcattered round him. Sarracino's device was a ſea, in the midſt a rock aſſaulted by the waves, and theſe words on the rock:—

My conſtancy is like a rock,
Of wind and wave it braves the ſhock.

No leſs gallantly did Sarracino make his entry than Abenamar; his car was drawn by four bay horſes, with ſcarlet and gold trappings: and was followed by a noble ſquadron of gentlemen in ſcarlet liveries, parading round the ſquare to the ſound of ſoft muſic.

The portrait was now known for the lovely Galiana's, and every tongue exclaimed that Abenamar had a brave opponent. The Queen was ſurpriſed at the beauty of the picture, and at the painter's ſkill; and turning to Galiana, exclaimed, "This conqueſt of your's is entirely new to us; the object of your choice however I ſee is no way inferior to Abenamar;" to which Galiana made no reply. The King promiſed himſelf great delight, and obſerved it was impoſſible not to ſee ſhortly deeds worthy of note, ſince the challenger and the knight, who contended for the prize, were both equally brave, and each would exert himſelf in defending the portrait of his lady.

Sarracino, having rode round the ſquare, left the car on one ſide, and advancing to the challenger, "Sir knight," ſaid he, "you are not unacquainted with the motive of my arrival; I am ready to try the fate of the three lances, and underſtand to a certainty that my lady is to enjoy the portrait of your's, and the golden chain of a thouſand doubloons; but if fortune ſhould prove my foe, with the portrait I conſent to forfeit this ſcarf, worked by the lovely hands of my lady herſelf; its value is at leaſt equal to the chain: and indeed ſo it was, being entirely covered with pearls and precious ſtones.

Sarracino, relying on his own ability, choſe to riſk the ſcarf, not conſidering the ſkill of his antagoniſt, who without heſitation replied, he was ready to make the trial, and would forfeit the portrait of his lady and the chain if it was his fortune to loſe them; and ſaying this he choſe a horſe from eight that were capariſoned for the play, and ſelecting a proper lance, made ſeveral evolutions round the ſquare, ſo gracefully, that the King and all the ſpectators remarked the gallantry of his deportment. Making the horſe give a high vault into the air, he finiſhed his career, and parting like an arrow from a bow, he raiſed aloft his arm, and arriving at the ring touched the upper part of it with his lance,

lance, and failed very little of carrying it away. The attempt therefore miſcarried, as it was neceſſary to file the lance through the ring to win the conteſt.

Abenamar now ſtopped to ſee in what manner Sarracino would acquit himſelf; he was in no little confuſion in the outſet, but ſtretching forth his arm, he adroitly filed the lance through the ring, and bore it off with him. Shouts and acclamations enſued, and thouſands of voices exclaimed that Abenamar had loſt the portrait and the chain: fortune favours Sarracino, and gives him the victory.

Sarracino was overjoyed, and conſidered himſelf already in poſſeſſion of the prizes, making his immediate claim, and alleging that he had fairly won them. Muza, who was the challenger's umpire, informed him that there were ſtill two lances to run, according to the conditions of the agreement. Sarracino's umpire, an Azarque Cavalier, maintained the contrary; the matter was therefore referred to the judges, who, commanding ſilence, read the condition of the challenge, which in reality was for three lances, and not for a ſingle one. Sarracino was greatly enraged to find the prize that the public voice had given him was refuſed, and Abenamar was equally offended with the ſpectators and himſelf. Galiana's countenance was illuminated with joy, but Fatima's was filled with chagrin, though ſhe had ſufficient command over her feelings to conceal it.

Abenamar had, by this time, choſen another horſe and lance; and vexed at his paſt failure, he ſpurred him briſkly, and holding his lance ſteadily in his hand, quicker than thought filed it through the ring, and bore it away. The acclamations were now on his ſide.

Sarracino gallantly made his ſecond attempt, and proceeded with great caution, but unfortunately he ſtruck the ſide of the ring only. "There is yet another lance to run," cried Abenamar, "let us therefore, if you pleaſe, Sir Knight, finiſh our conteſt immediately." Seizing a lance, therefore, Abenamar galloped towards the ring, and again dexterouſly bore it away.

Galiana was now highly diſconcerted, ſeeing the little proſpect her beloved Sarracino had of ſucceſs, who in his laſt career touched the top of the ring only with the point of his lance, and bore it not away.

Having alighted from his horſe, the judges called Sarracino, and pronounced that he had loſt the portrait of his lady and the rich ſcarf. Sarracino replied, "if he had loſt in ſport, in manly combat he knew how to conquer." Abenamar, highly piqued for the motives we have already expreſſed, replied, "that if he had any thought of recovering a part of his loſſes in manly combat, he ſhould be glad to know it, as he was ready to do him all the juſtice he wiſhed." The judges and the umpires now interfered, and pacified the cavaliers, not ſuffering ſo

unreaſonable a debate to proceed any further. Saſſracino, therefore, withdrew from the ſquare with the gentlemen of his train; and Abenamar commanded the rich ſpoils to be laid at the foot of Fatima's portrait, whoſe joy for the victory was extremely great, eſpecially when ſhe beheld the trophies of the challenger's dexterity, though ſhe endeavoured as much as poſſible to prevent her ſatisfaction from appearing, not chuſing that Abenamar ſhould imagine himſelf entirely ſecure of her affection, wherein ſhe did not in the leaſt imitate other ladies of the court, whoſe whole delight was the pleaſure of public admiration.

Account of the late Literary Forgery in Germany of Damberger's Travels in Africa, &c. and of two other Books of Travels.

THAT in the ſhort ſpace of three years, three forged books of travels ſhould have been publiſhed by three reſpectable bookſellers in Leipzig, may be adduced as a proof, that in Germany the impudence of book-makers knows no bounds; and the circumſtance proves how eaſily the credulity of the reading public may be impoſed upon:

1. *Chr. Fr. Damberger's Landreiſe in das Innere von Africa*, &c. or "Travels in the Interior of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope, through Caffraria, &c. to Morocco; in the Years 1781—1797, 2 vols. with a map of Africa, two coloured plates, Leipzig, publiſhed by Martini."

2. *Beſchreibung einiger See- und Landreiſen*, &c. or, "Account of ſome Voyages, &c. to Aſia, Africa, and America, particularly from Holland and England to Batavia, Madras, Bengal, Japan and China; and alſo from the Cape of Good Hope, through Caffreria and Deſart of Sahara, to Egypt, by Zacharias Taurinius, a native of Egypt." 2 vols. 350 pages, large 8vo. publiſhed by Jacobäer in Leipzig.

And 3. *See- und Landreiſe nach Oſtindien.*—"Voyage to the Eaſt Indies and Egypt, and a Journey to Mounts Sinai and Horeb, to Gaza, Rama, Damaſcus, Sidon, Tyre, Jeruſalem, Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, &c. in the Years 1795—1799, by Joſeph Schrödter;" 358 pages, ſmall 8vo. publiſhed by Wolf & Co.

It is now no longer a matter of doubt, that Damberger, Taurinius, and Schrödter, are one and the ſame perſon, and that the abovementioned accounts of travels, &c. are the production of one and the ſame impoſtor. When the report of the ſpuriouſneſs of theſe works had become generally current, the publiſhers compared the manuſcript letters which they had received from the pretended authors, and, to their no ſmall aſtoniſhment, immediately perceived that they were written by the ſame hand.

They

They therefore sent for Damberger, who now owned, that his real name was not Damberger, but Taurinius; but persisted in asserting, that he had actually performed the journey through Africa; and had adopted the former name from one of his fellow-travellers, for the purpose of being sooner able to communicate to the public the travels announced in Taurinius's Voyage, &c. But how happens it then, that in Damberger's Travels he describes a journey through Africa to Morocco, although in Taurinius's Voyage he promises the account of a journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Egypt?

On reading these three books of travels, one must own, that with respect to the style, the tone, and manner of the narrative, and the truth of the facts related, these three productions are as like as one egg is to the other.—But were the journies described in these books actually performed by the authors of them?—No! For if we deduct the fabulous tales, wonderful occurrences, and blunders against history which have been interwoven with the narrative, we may at every section refer to the sources whence the contents were derived.

Schrödter's observations relative to Egypt are taken from Wansleben's Travels, from Bruns' and Hartmann's Geographies of Egypt, and others; and his accounts of Syria from Korte's Journey to the Holy Land, from Schulz's Guidance of the Most High, according to his Counsel, during Travels in Europe Asia, and Africa, from Mariti, &c.;—and Damberger's Narrative from Ehrmaun's History of the most remarkable Travels in Africa, from Brun's System of the Geography of Africa, vol. 1—6 from Le Vaillant, Kolbe, Menzel, and others;—and the materials of Taurinius's Voyage, &c. from Chardin, Kampfer, Tachart, Thevenot, Dampier, Gentil, De Brüyn, Franklin, and others. Damberger Taurinius Schrödter's Travels, then, do not contain observations made by the authors of them in the countries through which they pretend to have passed; but are compiled, in many places even *verbatim*, from the above cited sources. Now it appears that Damberger is not even able to express his ideas in a connected manner, and it is therefore conjectured, that the above three works were written by a certain Master of Arts in Wittenberg, of the name of Junge; and that the shoemaker Schrödter, the printer Taurinius, and the joiner Damberger, had no concern in them, except as brokers to dispose of the spurious wares.—Several German reviewers have, however, declared these travels to be genuine: and a certain learned journalist has filled many of his pages with accounts of the Holy Land, taken from Schrödter, and with the stories he has fabricated about the priests.

The pretended traveller M. Damberger, joiner, in Wittenberg, says, that in the year 1781, he had entered into the Dutch service as a common soldier, was sent in that capacity to the

Cape

Cape of Good Hope, where he was taken from the ranks by the preſident of the burghers in Cape Town, and by him appointed his houſe-ſteward, but left his ſervice, and travelled through the interior of Africa, alone and on foot, from the Cape to Morocco. He aſſures us, that he had himſelf obſerved whatever he here deſcribes, and pretends to find fault with and correct the errors of preceding travellers; as for inſtance, the celebrated Vaillant. Were all his aſſertions founded in truth, Damberger's Travels might be conſidered a valuable acquiſition to the ſcience of geography: but we are ſorry to find that the whole is a literary impoſture.

The other two forgeries, viz. Taurinius and Schrödter's Travels, are equally replete with the moſt improbable fictions.

[This article will ſufficiently apologize for our not giving any farther extracts from the pretended travels of Damberger.]

MR. WHAT-HAS-SHE?

A CHARACTER.

A Petty ſhop-keeper in a petty market town, not quite one hundred miles from that emporium of the north, Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne, was a great admirer of the ladies, or rather of their portions; the former was ſo much the theme of his diſcourſe, and the latter the object of his enquiries, that he well merited the epithet, by which I ſhall here diſtinguiſh him, of Mr. What-has-ſhe.

This ſame gentleman (Mr. What-has-ſhe) received, per poſt, a *billet-doux*, intimating that a young lady, who flattered herſelf ſhe was not diſagreeable in perſon or manners, and who on coming to age, would be poſſeſſed of what would give an eaſy independency to the man of her choice, had ſeen him as he walked through ſuch a ſtreet, on ſuch a day, and where he knew he had that day been; that his appearance had ſo pleaſed her fancy, ſhe could not be happy without further acquaintance, and if he would be ſo kind as to attend her upon the road, at a time ſhe named, ſhe would endeavour to eſcape from her guardian, and give him a meeting.

This was an affair too congenial with his romantic expectations, of ſome time captivating a woman of fortune, for him not to attend the welcome ſummons. He went, waited all day with the greateſt anxiety, and was diſappointed.

But behold, next poſt brought a ſecond epiſtle. The lady was much obliged to him for the trouble ſhe underſtood he had taken on her account, was very unhappy to have diſappointed him, but had been ſo ſtrictly watched, that ſhe could not poſſibly eſcape at the time propoſed; but if he would be ſo kind as to

walk in that ſtreet of Newcaſtle where ſhe had firſt ſeen him, ſhe would endeavour to ſpeak to him.

Our hero once more attended the call of his fair *incognita*, walked the ſtreet backwards and forwards like a ſentinel the whole day long; peeping at the windows, and watching the glances of every well dreſſed female who looked out at him, until night and wearineſs cut off all his hopes, and left him nothing but chagrin, mortification, and repeated diſappointments.

His return home was followed by a third letter. She had but too well ſeen him: but (Oh cruel deſtiny!) her guardian had previouſly compelled her to give her hand to the man ſhe hated; and as her huſband, a rough and boiſterous ſea Captain, had obſerved her confuſion on ſeeing him, and his frequent walking backwards and forwards before their houſe, he had conceived a jealouſy, and ſhe earneſtly begged that for the ſake of her peace, as well as his own ſafety, when his buſineſs called him to town, he would avoid coming near her dwelling.

After all, Mr. What-has-ſhe gave credit to the fair unknown, and lamented her wayward fate. But ſome of my more ſceptical readers will be more apt to imagine it a trick upon his vain credulity, perhaps by ſome portionleſs damſels, for ſuch naturally hate a fortune-hunter, becauſe—they are in no danger from his purſuits.

HYMN TO JUPITER.

OH thou, who haſt many names, but whoſe power is one and infinite.—Oh Jupiter! firſt of immortals—ſovereign of nature—who governeſt all—and to whoſe immutable law all things ſubmit—To thee do I raiſe my voice:—for it is permitted to man to invoke thee.—Every thing that lives, every thing that creeps—Every mortal king that exiſts on the earth, even we ourſelves ſpring from thee—and thy image is impreſſed upon us. I will addreſs then to thee my hymns, and will ſing them without ceaſing. This univerſe ſuſpended over our heads, and which ſeems to revolve round the earth—'tis to thee that it obeys—it uniformly perſeveres in its courſe, and ſilently ſuffers itſelf to be governed by thy nod—the thunder-bolt, the miniſter of thy laws, repoſes under thy invincible hand; ardent, endowed with immortality, it ſtrikes, and nature trembles—thou directeſt the univerſal ſpirit which animates every thing, and lives in all beings.

Such, Oh, Omnipotent Ruler, is thy ſovereign and unlimited power. Genius of nature! in the heavens, on the earth, in the ſea, nothing is done, nothing is produced without thee, except the evil which proceeds from the heart of the wicked. At thy word

word confuſion becomes order—thou ſpeakeſt, and the contending elements unite. By a happy concord, thou layeſt the foundation of that which is good with that which is not ſo, that a general and eternal harmony may be eſtabliſhed. Alone, amongſt created beings, the wicked interrupt this univerſal harmony—miſtaken ones—they ſeek for happineſs, and perceive not that univerſal rule, which, in enlightening them, will render them at once good and happy: but totally forſaking the good and the juſt, they ſacrifice themſelves each to his ruling paſſion—they purſue the bubble renown—they ſeek riches, or they pant for pleaſures, which, however ſeductive, are the forerunners of miſery and remorſe.—Oh thou Omnipotent Diſpenſer of all Good—Good, to whom the ſtorm and the thunderbolt are obedient, avert from man this inſenſate error; deign to enlighten his ſoul; let one ray of that wiſdom by which thou governeſt the univerſe, illume his underſtanding, ſo that honoured ourſelves we may honour thee in gratitude, celebrating thy works in ſuch an uninterrupted hymn, as beſt befits our feeble and mortal beings: for neither the inhabitant of the earth, nor the inhabitant of the heavens, can have a more momentous, or a more awful occupation, than the juſt celebration of that ſublime firſt cauſe which preſides over nature.

On the Idea of one's own Conſequence.

By ROBERT BURNS.

OFTEN as I have glided with humble ſtealth through the pomp of Prince's-ſtreet, (Edinburgh,) it has ſuggeſted itſelf to me as an improvement on the preſent human figure, that a man in proportion to his own conceit of his conſequence in the world, could have puſhed out the longitude of his common ſize as a ſnail puſhes out his horns, or as we draw out a perſpective.

This trifling alteration, not to mention the prodigious ſaving it would be in the tear and wear of the neck, limbs, and ſinews of many of his Majeſty's liege ſubjects, in the way of toſſing the head, and tiptoe-ſtrutting, would evidently turn out to vaſt advantage, in enabling us at once to adjuſt the ceremonials in making a bow, or making way to a great man, and that too within a ſecond of the preciſe ſpherical angle of reverence, or an inch of the particular point of reſpectful diſtance which the important creature itſelf requires—as a meaſuring glance at its towering altitude, would determine the affair like inſtinct!

A HINT *to* NON-RESIDENTS.

THE celebrated Lord Lyttleton aſked a clergyman in the country for the uſe of his pulpit for a young man he had brought down with him. "I really know not," ſaid the clergyman, "how to refuſe your Lordſhip; yet if the young man preach *better* than me, my people will be diſſatisfied with me afterwards; and if he preach *worſe*, I don't think he is *fit to preach at all.*"

Curious SPECIMEN *of a* SAILOR's EVIDENCE.

A Trial lately came on at the Old Bailey, in which the proſecutor was a ſailor, who had ſlept in a houſe in Weſtminſter, and taken part of a bed with the priſoner. In the morning (to uſe his own words) he diſcovered his trowſers had been *overhauled*, and his *ſhot* taken out of the *lockers*; on this he accuſed his *mate*, who ſtedfaſtly denied the charge; but he was not to be *palavered* out of his right, and he *grappled* him by the collar, when the *marauder* fetched him a *broadſide* in the *chops*, and being a ſtrong built veſſel, and carrying heavy metal, he was obliged to hail the landlord, and call in the aſſiſtance of a marine quartered in the cabin, who ſoon made the priſoner ſurrender. He was then carried before a Commander (the Magiſtrate), who ordered him to be ſearched, when the notes of the proſecutor were found concealed on his perſon.

Anſwer, by Jeſſe Hill, of Exeter, to W. Harris's Rebus, inſerted April 6.

FAIN would my puerile muſe her nobleſt lays
Attune to ſing the well-earn'd worthy's praiſe;
But ARCHIMEDES, thy geometric ſkill
Would too much fall 'neath my inferior quill.

‡‡‡ We have received the like anſwer from W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; H. Humphreys, and L. H. of Exeter; and R. Thomas, of Bridgewater.

Anſwer, by William England, of Lyme, to R. Thomas's Charade, inſerted April 13.

IN yonder ſeat his LORDSHIP ſits
With earthly pomp array'd;
Untouch'd with cares of poverty,
Where grandeur is diſplay'd.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from John Smith, T. Whicker, L. H. Egbert Moon, J. Hill, P. Gove, and J. Squance, of Exeter; G. England, of Uplyme; Philom. of Teingmouth; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; John Whitford, of St. Auſtell; and T. Webber, jun. of Tiverton.

An ENIGMA, *by W. England, of Lyme.*

FROM ſome dark cell, beneath the limpid ſtream,
Where oſier bowers avert the noon-day beam,
Beneath whoſe friendly ſhade ſoft zephyrs play,
And guardian naiads paſs the ſultry day,
A ſtranger to the world, yet known to fame,
Calls for attention to reveal its name.

To talk of parents, or from whence deriv'd,
Were ſurely vain, nor ought to be believ'd;
For if the truth in purity I own,
Such forms as theſe to me were never known.
But ſages ſay that, ere I drew my breath,
Theſe were envelop'd in the vault of death;
Nay years ere in the common air I mov'd,
Its lateſt pangs their deareſt feelings prov'd.

Beneath the brook, enſhrin'd in chilly clay,
In dormant reſt I ſpent life's early day,
Till buſy time had roll'd ſome ſeaſons on,
Soft zephyrs fann'd, and howling Boreas blown.
Aſcenſion's hour, ſweet moment whence I live,
~~Weary of dull delay, doth~~ once arrive.
Then rous'd by nature from my wakeful dream,
Still clad in clay I float upon the ſtream.
Then aided by that hand that gave me birth,
I burſt my bands, and mount above the earth;
Now 'neath the ſylvan bowers I friſk and play,
My ſilver wings and lucid tail diſplay.

As ſome fair nymph that's bound in Cupid's chain,
Trips o'er the mead to meet her promis'd ſwain,
So I, thus deſtin'd, by all acting fate,
Explore each ſhade to find my promis'd mate.
This done, freſh inſtinct bids me to return,
O painful thought! what boſom but muſt mourn!
Compell'd by doom the nuptial bower I leave,
And backward bend to meet a wat'ry grave;
Then o'er the ſtream with trembling wing I play,
Till fate arrives to end my meaſur'd day.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On REVISITING *my* NATIVE VILLAGE.

COME lovely pow'r, O dear remembrance come!
And add freſh beauties to my native home.
Let me retrace, alas! with pleaſing pain,
Paſt ſcenes of bliſs I ne'er muſt ſee again.
Each well-known ſpot a ſecret charm diſplays,
And ſeems to ſpeak the joys of happier days

In yonder grove, beneath the cooling ſhade,
With ruſtick boys (a ragged race) I've ſtray'd;
Elate with pride we ſhow'd our youthful art,
And with a mopſtick play'd the ſoldier's part;
Some crazy pan the pompous drummer bore,
And, conſcious of his worth, march'd on before;
Whole empires fell, and power reſiſted power,
And wars began and ended in an hour.

With active limbs, that ſcarce a moment reſt,
I've climb'd yon tree to rob the warbler's neſt;
With what delight the pendant ſtring I'd view,
Adorn'd with eggs of various ſize and hue;
Unconſcious of my cruelty I'd rove,
And ſteal the pledges of the tendereſt love.

Along the green, with many a rural maid,
(Their nimble limbs with fragrant flow'rs array'd)
I've join'd in merry dance, nor dreamt of woes
Which riper age! alas! too often knows.
O happy ſcenes of innocence and mirth!
O youthful bliſs, too great to laſt on earth.

But whilſt in thought thoſe pleaſing hours I view,
My heart rebounds, my nerves their ſtrength renew;
A youthful vigour fills my throbbing veins;
Again, methinks, I'll dance on village plains;
I leap; I bound—But O! my fate is ſure,
Thoſe joys are flown to be recalled no more!

But ſtill, O fancy! ſtill thy ſoothing power
With ſcenes like theſe can charm the lingering hour;
Amid thy paths I could for ever ſtray,
And cull the flow'rs that deck the fragrant way:
But O! ſhould reaſon mount his brilliant throne,
Thy proſpects fade, thy pleaſing hopes are flown;
And what of late could eaſe each cankering care
Withdraws its aid, and vaniſhes in air.

NUNCIUS.

GOOSEBERRY-PIE.—A PINDARIC ODE.

"GOOSEBERRY-PIE is beſt."
Full of the theme O muſe begin the ſong!

What

What tho' the ſunbeams of the weſt
Mature within the turtle's breaſt
  Blood glutinous, and fat of verdant hue?
  What tho' the deer bound ſportively along
O'er ſpringy turf, the park's elaſtic veſt?
  Give them their honours due—
But gooſeberry-pie is beſt.

Behind his oxen flow
  The patient ploughman plods,
  And as the ſower followed by the clods
Earth's genial womb receiv'd the ſwelling ſeed,
The rains deſcend, the grains they grow;
  Saw ye the vegetable ocean
    Roll its green billows to the April gale?
The ripening gold with multitudinous motion
  Sway o'er the ſummer vale?

It flows thro' alder banks along
  Beneath the copſe that hides the hill;
The gentle ſtream you cannot ſee,
You only hear its melody,
  The ſtream that turns the mill.
Paſs on, a little way paſs on,
And you ſhall catch its gleam anon;
And hark! the loud and agonizing groan
That makes its anguiſh known,
Where tortur'd by the tyrant lord of meal
The brook is broken on the wheel!

Blow fair, blow fair, thou orient gale!
On the white boſom of the ſail
  Ye winds enamour'd, lingering lie!
Ye waves of ocean ſpare the bark!
  Ye tempeſts of the ſky!
From diſtant realms ſhe comes to bring
  The ſugar for my pie.
For this on Gambia's arid ſide
  The vulture's feet are ſeal'd with blood,
And Beelzebub beholds with pride
  His darling planter brood.

Firſt in the ſpring thy leaves were ſeen,
  Thou beauteous buſh, ſo early green!
Soon ceas'd thy bloſſoms little life of love.
  O ſafer than the Alcides-conquer'd tree
That grew the pride of that Heſperian grove—
  No dragon does there need for thee
With quinteſſential ſting to work alarms,
  And guard thy fruit ſo fine,
  Thou vegetable porcupine!
And didſt thou ſcratch thy tender arms,
  O Jane! that I ſhould dine!

The flour, the ſugar, and the fruit,
Commingled well, how well they ſuit,
  And they were well beſtow'd.
O Jane! with truth I praiſe your pie,
And will not you in juſt reply
  Praiſe my Pindaric ode?

THEODERIT.